

Halo: The Final Assault

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Summary: A fanfic I started writing before Halo 2's release. Mankind has upgraded their ships with Covenant technology, and are finally winning the war. CHAPTER 2 IS UP! Minor Chronological error in Ch. 2 has been corrected.

## 1. Important Info and Backstory

**\*\*Halo â€" The Final Assault\*\***

Backstory/Important Notes:

I originally started writing this fanfiction long before the release of Halo 2. At that time, the general public knew little to nothing of the game's storyline. All we did know, from the viewing of game trailers and the reading of the Halo novels, was that The Covenant had found Earth, and were invading.

I decided then to write a fanfiction starting some time after the Covenant invasion of Earth.

My story assumes that the Covenant's goal was to exterminate humanity (not activate the Halos and go on 'The Great Journey', as revealed in Halo 2), and destroy Earth. After reading "First Strike", we learn that the invasion force was obliterated in the destruction of the Unyielding Hierophant, and reduced to a small fraction of its original size. Then, at the very end, The High Prophet of Truth ordered all battle ready ships to rendezvous "at the site of the cataclysm". From there, they launched the attack on Earth.

This is where I come in. From the information I gathered, and from my own creative liberties, I assumed that, with the help of Master Chief and Cortana, the Earth's forces are somehow able to repel the Covenant attack, killing the High Prophet of Regret, leaving the Covenant devastated. Once the Covenant retreats back to High Charity, all UNSC ships are ordered back to Earth immediately for debriefing and rearmament.

Cortana plays a major role in what happens next. Through the information she could gather from \_Ascendant Justice\_ and \_Unyielding Hierophant\_ regarding Covenant weapon and shield technology, she is able to provide ONI scientists with enough information so that they can begin constructing ship-scale plasma weaponry and shield grids. She did not, however, gain enough knowledge to create infantry weapons.

The defeat of the Covenant at Earth leaves humanity enough time to begin the rebuilding of their military. Civilians and military alike have received a huge morale boost, and enrolment rates skyrocket. Funding to the UNSC, CMA and ONI is massively increased, allowing for the repair and upgrading of older ships, and the construction of newer and more powerful ships with super-advanced weapons systems. One of the new weapons systems stands out the most: the Plasma Energized Magnetic Accelerator Cannon, also called the "P-MAC". Only the newer vessels are able to accommodate this weapon, and the older ships are outfitted with plasma weapons and shields.

Dr. Halsey returns to Earth with the Spartan known as Kelly. She reveals nothing about what she did while away. After some discussion, she and the Master Chief (who is given the rank of Commander after his accomplishments) agree to start a new SPARTAN program. Recruits are selected in the same manner as they were in the initial SPARTAN program (kidnapped as children). A more perfected technique of flash-cloning is used in order to prevent congenital diseases from killing the clones in the future. With data gleaned from the initial SPARTAN training, the SPARTAN-IIIs, and later, the SPARTAN-IVs, are brought into the UNSC, fully prepared for combat.

This whole process takes roughly 40 years, and by this time, Master Chief is about 80 years old. Because of his age, he is removed from a combat role, and placed in a command role. He supervises the construction of four UNSC Flagships, the \_RamaKrishna\_, the \_Liberator\_, the \_Perseverance\_, and the \_Dreamcatcher\_. Each vessel comes with massive armaments and the most advanced shield grids in the UNSC. Because of their sheer cost, only four are ever made.

After all is said and done, and the Earth's military forces are rebuilt and ready for combat, top ONI brass debate what to do next.

During this entire time, the Covenant is also rebuilding their shattered forces for a counter-attack on humanity. Angry over the defeat, the surviving High Prophets of Truth and Mercy order as many ships as their resources allow be built in order to exact vengeance for their fallen brothers. Troops from all corners of the galaxy are ordered to High Charity to plan for attack. Once all is finished, the equivalent of 40 human years has passed, and the Covenant once again has enough forces to attack.

A large fleet of Covenant warships travels through Slipspace, eventually ending up at the previous sight of the Unyielding Hierophant. Human forces, detecting them, launch an immediate defensive attack with their newer, more powerful ships. The Covenant is caught off-guard by the upgraded weapons and tactics of the UNSC, and despite inflicting casualties on some human ships, are defeated in combat.

Realizing that the Covenant has rebuilt their military, ONI and UNSC head brass order that several armadas be formed, and start taking the fight to the Covenant. They resolve that they can no longer just wait for the Covenant to come to their doorstep, but they must track down their homeworld of High Charity, and destroy it.

Several armadas of the UNSC's most powerful ships are organized. The most heavily armed and larger sized armadas are given the most direct courses to High Charity, while all other available ships are sent to destroy key Covenant locations, and join up with the rest of the fleet later.

Knowing that the humans will want to counter-attack after their failed assault, the Covenant Hierarchy orders all vessels back to High Charity. Attack armadas are organized to sneak up on human vessels, and defence blockades are set up to hold them back at critical Covenant installations, and other positions.

Human AIs, empowered with the latest in insurgency routines, are able to extrapolate the location of Covenant blockades from the computers of damaged enemy ships.

The Covenant takes no chances with security, and even the slightest disobedience or security breach is met with execution. The High Charity is surrounded by hundreds, if not thousands of space vessels, each armed to the teeth with the most devastating weaponry available.

The Covenant try all they can to destroy the great threat presented by the human vermin, but one fact remains clear: Mankind is no longer the weak, unsophisticated race the Covenant perceived them to be. They have become stronger, and more intelligent, and their forces are slowly moving closer to the Covenant homeworld, and the end of the Human-Covenant War.

The end is near, and it is time for the real war to start.

"\_The hall is rented, the orchestra engaged. It's time to see if you can dance."\_

-Q, Star Trek: The Next Generation, "Q Who?"

## 2. A Warrior's Distress

Halo " The Final Assault

### Chapter One

**\*\*First Age of Resistance, Step of Silence-Covenant Holy City "High Charity", Sanctum of the Hierarchs, Holy of Holies.\*\***

From a distance, one could easily assume that High Charity was a nest of angry, blue hornets. There were so many ships surrounding the Holy City, that it could easily have been mistaken for a single mass had one not had the proper scanning equipment.

In the Covenant's mind, such a volume of spaceships was highly necessary. The human vermin had been able to beat them back from

their homeworld of "Earth" with weapons and technology stronger than they had anticipated, and it was only a matter of time before they began moving on High Charity. As a result, security had been raised to its highest level in all the ages. Probes scanned every single piece of space debris, no matter the size, and subsequently destroyed it all. The most heavily armed ships moved in close proximity to High Charity, which was patrolled regularly by Seraph and Banshee fighters. Authorization codes were updated hourly, and the slightest hesitation in sending the proper responses meant instant destruction.

Inside the city, thousands of the most elite soldiers in the whole of the Covenant stood guard, ready to react at the slightest notion of emergency. Deep within the city was the Sanctum of the Hierarchs, and within that was the Holy of Holies, of which only the High Prophets could enter. Surrounding this most sensitive area in the Covenant Hegemony were over three hundred Sangelli honour guards, dressed in ceremonial armour, their headresses towering over them. Of these honour guards, only three Sangelli were allowed to even be close to the Holy of Holies.

Hovering within the Holy of Holies was the Covenant High Prophet of Truth, deep in meditation, trying to hold back his anger. Repeatedly, his soldiers had failed to halt the advances of the humans, and been systematically hunted down and slaughtered. He could not believe the audacity of these demons, using the Covenant's own technology against them! However, the Prophet had many plans in store that could turn the tide of the war.

Ikno 'Fasolee strode up the walkway which led to the Sanctum of the Hierarchs, a data pad clutched tightly within his hand. He had been this way many times before, and no matter how often he did it, he was always nervous, and the fact that security had been heightened greatly didn't help to calm him down. Usually, to calm his nerves, he would drink a glass of Konar Ale, a favourite amongst his species. But not today, as the Prophet of Truth had ordered him to report on the status of a retaliatory strike on the largest of the human armadas. He sincerely wished he had drank some Konar, as the data he carried with him carried notice of the retaliation's failure.

He came up to the doors, and presented his authorization code to an honour guard.

"The Holy One is currently meditating," whispered the guard, "You will have to wait here."

For a moment, 'Fasolee strongly considered just running away in terror, but reconsidered, since the overzealous Imperial Protectors would simply cut him down with their energy blades, and pitch his corpse off the walkway's edge. So, he stood in silence, and tried some deep breathing exercise to calm himself down. Another honour guard noticed his agitation.

"Are you unwell? You seem nervous?"

"I'm fine!" snapped 'Fasolee, almost shouting, "Nothing's wrong!" As he turned back to face the entrance to the Sanctum of the Hierarchs, he noticed that the final two honour guards were glaring suspiciously at him. His heartbeat skyrocketing, he looked at the floor, and silently muttered a prayer, breathing quickly.

Suddenly, the doors began to creak open, and the inside of the Sanctum was revealed, a marvellous spectacle of coloured glass and metals. Though, when 'Fasolee laid eyes upon the High Prophet of Truth and his "Holy Guardians", his heart and stomach were each seized by an intense fear as he bowed. His sweat dripped off his forehead, and formed a small pool on the ground.

"Rise.", whispered the Prophet, "Come closer, and report."

Taking yet another deep breath, 'Fasolee walked inside, moving slowly towards the Prophet. Stepping up to the Holy One, he knelt before him.

"What have you brought for me, Ikno 'Fasolee?"

Not saying a word, 'Fasolee simply raised the data pad. The Prophet seized it with a psychic grip, and brought it up to his face. The Prophet's facial features became even more contorted with rage as he read the report. When he was finished, he furiously hurled the pad back at 'Fasolee, breaking it on his forehead. The Sangelli clenched his mandibles so tightly in fear that he felt his teeth would shatter.

"I am very, very disappointed in you, 'Fasolee.", said the Prophet, "You were the one who organized that strike. You were the one who has just failed miserably at stopping the humans. Now, because of you, it is only a matter of time before the humans reach us. I fully expect that they will be defeated, but that is yet to happen, and this is now. Now is when you will be punished."

The Prophet turned to the Holy Guardians. "Kill him!"

'Fasolee jumped to his feet, powered by his own terror.

"Never!", he hollered, "You'll never take me! I won't allow it!"

One of the Guardians laughed, "Disobeying an order from the High Prophet is punishable by death, especially in times such as these. If you don't fight us, we'll make this nice and quick for you."

'Fasolee ignited his energy sword as the Guardians ignited theirs.

"I would rather mate with a human than surrender!", and with that he lunged.

The first Holy Guardian blocked his attack, and kicked him in the chest, denting his shining golden armour. He heard the hissing of an energy blade behind him, and fell into a roll, narrowly avoiding a blow to the head. Springing to his feet, he stabbed outward, his sword plunging into the torso of the confused guardian, who shrieked in shock and agony as he fell, trying to hold onto his own entrails.

As he reoriented himself, 'Fasolee was punched in the face by the third guardian, who followed up with a lightning fast slash to the throat. Seconds later, the disgraced Sangelli's head hit the floor with a wet thump.

The two guardians ran to their fallen brother, and turned to the Prophet.

"Exalted, he requires immediate medical attention, or he will die!"

The High Prophet of Truth raised his right hand, indicating silence. Only the wounded Sangelli's moans were heard.

"Do you wish to survive, my Holy Guardian?" he asked.

The Sangelli raised his head, and spoke, "I have fought a heretic, and been mortally wounded in combat. Please, Exalted, let me die a martyr."

The Prophet complied with the dying warrior's request, and let him die on the floor of the Sanctum of the Hierarchs. He then turned to the remaining Holy Guardians.

"Prepare his remains for proper storage in their rightful burial place, and select another Holy Guardian to aid you in your duties. Get me the Sangelli known as Tares 'Kaltomee, I wish to know his progress. Go now, children. May the Gods be with you."

The two Holy Guardians stood and bowed low. Then, they hoisted their fallen brother over their shoulders, and carried him out as the Sanctum doors closed behind them.

The Prophet's eyes were averted to the corpse of the Heretic Sangelli. Instantly, he knew what to do. Levitating the head, he impaled it on a nearby spear, so that all others would see the price of failure. Eyeing the corpse, he concentrated hard on it, all his rage over the warrior's failure spilling into his thoughts. The Holy One cried out in rage as the Sangelli's corpse exploded into flame, sending blackened armour and charred flesh to all corners of the room. The creature's skeleton lay smouldering in front of him.

The Prophet's fists tightened into balls.

"No more failures this time. We will not fail in our quest to exterminate the human scum. May the Gods grant us the grace to see their weakness. May we be blessed with the strength and courage that so many do not have. May the humans be eternally cursed, and condemned to damnation."

### 3. The UNSC RamaKrishna

**\*\*Halo â€" The Final Assault\*\***

#### Chapter Two

**\*\*2204 hours, January 12, 2593 (Military Calendar) UNSC Flagship \_RamaKrishna\_, remnants of Covenant attack fleet.\*\***

"Fire!" barked Captain John Spartan.

The AI of the \_RamaKrishna\_ confirmed a weapons lock on the Covenant cruiser \_Jubilant Sacrifice\_, and opened fire with both P-MAC

launchers. The bridge lights dimmed briefly; there was a loud \_whump\_, and twin bolts of blue-white lighting spat out of the \_RamaKrishna's\_ underbelly, and cut through the thick blackness of space, their intense glows reflecting off the armour of nearby vessels.

Trying to avoid a head-on collision with the self-guided projectiles, the cruiser began to ascend at a rapid pace, but that maneuver was in vain. The first P-MAC altered its course and slammed into the underside of the craft's rear section, blasting apart the engines and sending it spinning out of control in a vertical direction. The second struck its midsection, splitting it clean in half. Both halves of the vessel folded into each other like a closing book, grinding together with massive force. Explosions dotted its purple hull as internal generators overloaded and subsequently failed, causing further damage. Eventually, an intense blue glow engulfed the cruiser as it erupted in a huge explosion that tore what was left of it into shrapnel.

To his surprise, the Captain saw that one of the P-MACs had not detonated.

"Amazing! Samson, direct that last P-MAC towards the nearest Covenant ship."

The AI nodded, "Yes, sir!"

The projectile looked like a massive, blue bolt of lighting as it arced back towards the battlefield in its relentless mission to destroy whatever got in its path. Seraph fighters were vaporized in its wake as they tried vainly to shoot it down. Finally, it targeted a Covenant destroyer, the \_Martyred Crusader\_, and holed it nose to tail before detonating in the vessel's aft section, sending what was left of the destroyer flying outwards in random vectors, its own rotation and inertia tearing it apart.

"Good hit, Samson! Lieutenant Yin, what's left of the Covenant fleet?"

"I got more vessels inbound!" replied Yin, gazing intently at her screen. "Two flagships, one destroyer, one cruiser, and at least five scout vessels. They are on an intercept course, travelling at high velocity, and they are charging pulse lasers. They are ignoring attacks from our support ships. If I didn't know any better, I'd say they were on a collision course."

Captain Spartan thought for a moment, and spoke, "Samson, order the \_Silverwing\_, the \_Kappa\_ and the \_Kashmir\_ to concentrate all fire on those scout ships. Have the \_Phoenix\_ and the \_Hawking\_ take out the destroyer and the cruiser. We're going after those flagships."

The lieutenant at the Ops station whirled around in his chair, looking very confused. "Sir, permission to speak freely."

The Captain turned to the young man. "Granted."

"Just how in the hell can we stand up to \_two\_ Covenant flagships? The \_RamaKrishna\_ is very powerful, but how can it even stand up to ships that strong? We'll be cut in half by their plasma

torpedoes!"

Samson answered the lieutenant's question before Spartan had even thought of a response. "I have already thought of a way."

Captain Spartan turned, looking intrigued, "Explain, Samson."

"No time for that, you'll just have to watch. What I need to execute my plan is full control of weapons, propulsion, shields, and the Slipspace systems."

The bridge was silent for a moment as its officers stared in awe at this sudden, bizarre order. A silence broken by the Captain's distinct shout.

"WELL? You heard him! Give him what he wants, and see what the hell he's talking about!"

Several voices called out in unison, "Yes, sir!"

Samson smiled as his muscular body began flashing with systems data as all the systems he asked for began to fall under his control. Millions of data symbols scrolled across his body each second, which gradually became even more numerous. He flashed blue when the system transfer was finished.

"Good. Now, I have one more request."

"Yes, Samson?"

"Hang onto something. Hard."

Ship Master Vego' Tenumee, commander of the flagship Relevant Prophecy, stared maliciously at his display screen, on which was shown the human flagship. He had an intense loathing for whoever commanded it, as the demon ship had ruthlessly killed thousands of his brothers, and he sought with a fiery passion to blow the ship into ionized steel with all the plasma his ship could fire.

His vessel had already taken a heavy beating in the initial assault, and had been forced to pull back when the plasma torpedo systems had taken severe damage. Several sections of the hull had been peeled off by impacts with what the humans called "P-MACs", which seemed to be some kind of upgraded plasma torpedo. The engines had taken several hits from pulse lasers and human missiles, and now the Relevant Prophecy could only move at half-speed. Only the pulse lasers were fully functional, the plasma torpedoes were at 30 working capacity, and the Plasma Projector Beam, the most powerful weapons system on the ship, had overloaded when a missile salvo from a smaller ship had hit it in mid-charge.

Despite all the damage to his vessel, 'Tenumee had ordered all systems to maximum operational capacity. The Hunagok and Uggnoy technicians had protested that the reactors would meltdown from the intense strain caused by such high function, but he ignored them. Destruction of the humans, not maintenance, was the first thing on his mind.

He vessel barreled towards the human flagship at maximum speed, wavering slightly as thrusters kept it under control. His mandibles



tightened in anticipation of the attack.

'Tenumee turned to a Sangheili standing next to him, "All weapons systems, maximum charge, NOW!"

"Yes, Excellency!"

Looking back at the human flagship, he saw motes of red light collecting on the vessel's frontside.

"All power to forward shields, brace for pulse laser impact." A green light blinked in compliance. A holographic projection showed a representation of the \_Relevant Prophecy's\_ shields being focused to the frontal areas.

The human flagship fired its pulse lasers directly at the \_Relevant Prophecy\_ and its neighboring flagship, the \_Serene Templar\_. The lasers struck heavily despite the increased shielding, sending powerful jolts through both vessels. Displays sparked and exploded, burning the faces of their Sangheili and Uggnoy operators as they were sent flying across whatever rooms they were in. Some shield generators overloaded, blowing out large sections of the ships' hulls in bright clouds of blue-black fire. Miraculously, the shields of both the \_Relevant Prophecy\_ and the \_Serene Templar\_ held, albeit at extremely low power. They still flickered on the brink of failure, despite still being operational.

'Tenumee angrily got to his feet after being thrown off the raised command platform from the impact. He had taken a hit to the head when he felt, and moved shakily back to his station, spitting blood and teeth from his mouth. Returning to his post, he was forced to take a brief rest, as he was quite dazed from the impact. An assistant approached him.

"Excellency, are you ok?"

'Tenumee nodded, blinking blood out of his eyes. "I will be fine. Just give me a report on the human flagship."

Looking to his display, the Sangheili replied, "It appears to be powering up its Slipspace capacitors. I am not sure why."

"Ready a plasma torpedo." ordered the Ship Master.

"Excellency, plasma torpedo systems have dropped to 15 operational capacity. We cannot charge one fast enough!"

'Tenumee glared at him, "I do not want that vermin ship escaping into Slipspace like so many before it. Re-route power from all systems, I don't care! Just get some plasma torpedoes ready, NOW!"

"Yes, Excellency," snapped the Sangheili, "I am re-routing power from propulsion, and other unnecessary systems. Plasma torpedo systems now at 65 operational capacity, full charge in three units!"

'Tenumee clenched his mandibles in anticipation, a low growl coming from his throat. "Good. Those human pests will trouble us no further."

Samson eyed his scans carefully as he routed energy into the

Slipspace generators. It appeared that one of the Covenant flagships had been able to get its plasma torpedo systems back up to operational capacity, and was preparing to fire.

Aside from his scans of both ships, he was formulating a plan to destroy them both. Since both ships could charge their pulse lasers quickly, and were still capable of moving at high speeds, he would not be able to attack them one after the other, but rather, he would tackle them both at the same time.

\_Two birds with one stone,\_ he thought.

He checked the Slipspace capacitors: 73.54 charged, 23 seconds to full power. He scanned the Covenant flagships: they would be able to fire plasma torpedoes in almost 10 seconds. The \_RamaKrishna\_ would be hit before it could even start a Slipspace jump. The Slipspace generators would need to charge much faster, and to do so, they'd need much more power.

Not wasting any time, Samson re-routed a large portion of the power from the plasma weapon systems, as well as sealing and cutting off power to uninhabited sections of the ship. He re-checked the Slipspace capacitors: 85.24 charged, 13 seconds to full power. The Covenant ships would be able to fire in 8 seconds. Samson's emotional subroutines registered the equivalent of frustration and disappointment.

\_Unless,\_ he thought, \_I use the emergency thrusters to avoid the plasma!\_

Holding that thought process, he brought the powerful thrusters online. In the event that he needed them, he would blast the \_RamaKrishna\_ out of harm's way.

Next, he began to formulate his attack plan. His course would put him in a potentially lethal position, so he'd have to attack the ships in a way that they would not expect.

The \_RamaKrishna\_ had dozens of Archer missile pods and pulse laser turrets on both its port and starboard sides. Not wasting a single moment, Samson removed the safeties on the Archer pods, and brought all the laser turrets online.

7 seconds to Slipspace transition.

There were also four plasma torpedo launchers on the aft section, but they were operating at only 25 capacity due to the power re-route from plasma weapons to the Slipspace systems.

\_I'll need to act pretty fast if I'm to be able to use them in a tight spot,\_ he thought.

4 seconds to Slipspace transition. Covenant plasma torpedoes at full charge.

"Perfect."

3 seconds to Slipspace. 2â€|1â€|Initiating Slipspace jump now.

On the \_RamaKrishna's\_ main viewer, the \_Relevant Prophecy\_ was seen

for moment, firing a plasma torpedo before vanishing completely.

Vego 'Tenumee hollered in rage and fury, coupled with anguish as pain ripped through his head and ran down his spine.

"WHAT? WHERE DID THEY GO?"

A frantic Sangheili's hands ran over his console, trying to detect the human ship.

"I believe they managed to escape into Slipspace, Excellency."

'Tenumee got right in his assistant's face. "Impossible! We damaged their Slipspace generators the moment we attacked! It should have taken them long-"

He was interrupted by the sharp screech of the Relevant Prophecy's collision alarm. "What now?"

If the assistant had not been wearing his helmet, others would have seen his pupils dilate in shock, and the colour slowly draining from his skin.

"I don't know how, Excellency, but it appears that the human vessel is materializing right between us and the Serene Templar. And they are activating all weapons systems!"

'Tenumee sprung into action. "Shields towards them! Fire all pulse lasers and plasma torpedoes right at them!"

"Too late, Excellency," replied the assistant, "Those systems were compromised in their pulse laser attack. We can't defend ourselves."

Out of pure rage and hatred for humanity, and his assistant's cowardice, 'Tenumee ignited the energy sword clipped to his belt, and stabbed the assistant in the chest. He then yanked the blade upwards, cutting right through his skull, before plunging it right back downwards, splitting the poor Sangheili in two.

Pressing the deactivation button, he turned back to his viewscreen, only to see the human ship open fire.

"Demons..."

The moment the RamaKrishna exited Slipspace, right between the two weakened Covenant flagships, Samson powered up all systems as fast as he could, since all nonessential systems went offline during Slipspace transitions. The first weapons systems to activate were the 80mm point defense autocannons. There were 8 of these cannons installed on each side of the RamaKrishna, and could fire explosive rounds that tore through enemy single ships like wet tissue paper.

"Weapons systems coming back online, sir", he told Captain Spartan, "Firing point defense systems now!"

Before the Captain could protest, Samson sent a signal, and the

autocannons opened fire on the failing shields of the Relevant Prophecy and the Serene Templar, concentrating on the docking bays, where the shields seemed to be the weakest. Many rounds found their way through, punching through the docks' atmospheric shielding, and tearing the bays apart. Samson watched with certain satisfaction as Seraphs, Banshees, and transport ships were torn apart in rolling clouds of fire. The shields protecting the inside of the ship from the vacuum of space quickly failed, yanking the wreckage of Covenant equipment and the corpses of their doomed soldiers into deep space. Minute black scars appeared wherever the explosive rounds impacted on the armour of the flagships.

The Archer Missile Pod Systems were the next weapons systems to come back online. Samson shut down the point defense systems to conserve ammunition.

"Arming all Archer missile pods on the port and starboard sides, sir. Awaiting your orders this time."

On each side of the massive flagship were at least 20 Archer missile pods, and each of those held about 200 missiles apiece. If given the order, Samson would launch a certain death-inducing swarm of around 4000 missiles.

Captain Spartan stared intently at the main viewer, on which he had brought up a split-screen view of both the Relevant Prophecy and the Serene Templar. He wanted to blast the Covenant flagships into scrap metal, sending a message to what was left of the attack force. But he knew that wasting the full arsenal of Archers would be foolish.

"Samson, don't waste all the missiles, we need all we can get. Fire only what you need to take down their shields, we'll let the pulse lasers do the rest."

Slightly disappointed, Samson obeyed the Captain's orders. The exhaust trails from nearly 500 missiles obscured the RamaKrishna in a thick cloud of smoke, making the surrounding area look like a small, white nebula. The Covenant shields, already weakened by the point defense systems, held briefly before totally collapsing, blowing out every shield generator on both ships. The remainder of the missiles blew chunks out of the Covenant vessels' hulls, sending fire rolling through the corridors. Secondary explosions wreaked further havoc as the mighty Covenant flagships began to fall apart completely.

The last few weapons systems came back to life. "Sir," shouted Samson, "Pulse lasers are armed and ready to fire."

Spartan was filled with a sense of victory, as he said in a cool, yet battle crazed voice, "Fire."

The RamaKrishna's pulse lasers began to charge, dozens of red motes of light appearing all over the sides of the massive vessel. Power levels in the plasma weapons systems surged upwards as power was pumped into them, bring their operational levels up to maximum. The moment the lasers were ready, they fired. The flagships' unprotected hulls were pulverized by the intense power of upgraded versions of the Covenant's own weaponry. Samson concentrated fire on the thin sections of both ships, which seemed to connect the larger, more

bulbous sections of the craft, hoping to break them apart, piece by piece. And his wish was granted, as the mighty machines broke apart like dry twigs, fire coating their already heavily damaged hulls. The forward sections of the flagships was burned clean off, while the rear section was left hanging by a thread which threatened to snap at any minute.

Lieutenant Yin cried out, "I'm detecting a core breach in both vessels, detonation in 5 seconds!"

Captain Spartan whirled to face the AI, his eyes wide in shock.

"Samson! Get us the hell out of here!"

"Yes sir. Activating emergency thrusters on the top of the vessel. Hold on tight, people!"

The blasts of the explosive emergency thrusters almost threw the bridge crew out of their chairs and into the ceiling, and Captain Spartan barely had enough time to wrap his arms around a nearby railing, and fell to his feet, his hands still clutching the cold, metal pole. Fortunately, the sudden maneuver got the RamaKrishna out of harm's way, and Samson used the ship's maneuvering thrusters and main engines to get as far away as possible with what little time he had.

There seemed to be a moment of calm just before the Relevant Prophecy and the Serene Templar detonated, and they did so, violently. The intense shockwaves slammed into the RamaKrishna with such force, the mighty vessel was thrown around like a tin toy in the ocean. The stabilizers worked frantically, and eventually stabilized the tumbling ship. Burning debris raced past the RamaKrishna like falling fireworks at a Canada Day or Fourth of July celebration.

Captain Spartan got to his feet, his nose bleeding. "Report, Samson. What's the status of the rest of the fleet?"

Samson performed a full scan, "All Covenant scout ships have been destroyed, the Silverwing, the Kappa and the Kashmir are moving to rendezvous with us. The Covenant cruiser has been destroyed, and the destroyer's reactor is melting down, the Hawking and the Phoenix are moving away at high speed, and are expecting to meet up with us."

"Any single ships?"

"Negative, sir."

"Boarding craft inbound?"

Several missiles streaked across space, striking unseen targets, and exploding into full blossoms of flame.

"Not anymore, sir."

"Good job, Samson. Order all ships to rendezvous at the pre-set co-ordinates, and to await any further orders."

Samson acknowledged, and vanished into his holotank.

Spartan sighed heavily, and slumped down into his chair, resting his eyes for a moment, and in that moment, he relieved the last 40 years of his life. The battle he had fought, and won seconds ago, taking down Covenant defense blockades, leaving Earth to destroy the Covenant. He remembered being the tactical officer aboard a vessel that successfully fought off the Covenant forces which had been so close to the solar system. He remembered being one of the lead officers in charge of refitting human ships with Covenant technology. He remembered defeating the Covenant on Earth, after destroying the Unyielding Hierophant. He remembered Halo, and all the hell he went through on there.

He, Captain John Spartan, formerly known to the universe as Master Chief SPARTAN-117, remembered all his days as one of the legendary SPARTAN-II super soldiers.

End  
file.